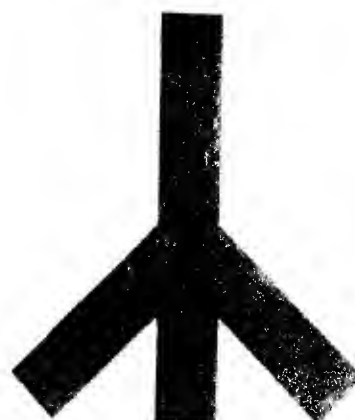




# NEW IMPERIUM

*Issue Five      Metapolitical Journal of the New Right      Price £3.00*

## **IN PURSUIT OF IMMORTALITY CHEATING THE INEVITABLE**



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# EDITORIAL

*Welcome to Issue Five of New Imperium magazine. Recent New Right meetings have featured a diverse array of participants and the topics discussed have ranged from Marxism & the Frankfurt School right through to German philosophy, global conspiracies, historical revisionism and folkish spirituality. We have had guest speakers from North America, Malta, Finland, Croatia, Germany, Italy, France, Norway, Scotland and, of course, England. Meanwhile, attendance at these meetings currently ranges from between 50 and 70 people, but we are always looking to attract more people with an intellectual bent and if you would like to come along and meet us please drop us a line at one of the addresses below. These are very exciting and formative times at the New Right and you should be part of them!*

*- Troy Southgate, Editor  
Hail the Imperium!*

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# BEING BRITISH

## EXPLORING THE INNOVATIVE ROOTS OF THE ARYANS

*By Alisdair Clarke*

IN a desperate rear-guard action, assorted liberal multiracists including British premier Gordon Brown have been trying to define what it means to be "British". As the enormity of their betrayal against their own race and culture becomes increasingly evident in our cities, towns, and countryside, the promoters of this divisive society are flailing around like drowning donkeys struggling to reach the elusive lifeboat called "unity". For them, no such lifeboat exists.

They hope that the mutually-antagonistic communities of Britain will rally around such vague concepts as "liberty", "democracy", "tolerance" or the "rule of law". Firstly, these liberal ideals are hardly unique to the British, especially since the British did a pretty good job in imposing these values across the rest of the planet. Revolutionary French and Americans of the Enlightenment have equal claim to having formulated these values, and nearly every country in the world today at least pays lip-service to the same. The October 2007 issue of *Prospect* magazine illustrates the depths of their dilemma (the historian Robert Colls being one of the few intellectual commentators to cut through the waffle).

Secondly, not all of Britain's exclusive communities can subscribe to this liberal framework, in particular devout Muslims. Any law devised by man, as opposed to Allah, is quite literally anathema to these fundamentalists.

Thirdly, and perhaps most devastatingly, such ideas as "liberty", "democracy" and "tolerance" are not so much values to aim for, as processes. They can never be ends-in-themselves. Liberty is meaningless by itself; one must have a desired outcome in order to exercise liberty. A person can be free to pursue (or avoid) a certain objective. The objective has value, not the method of reaching that value. The same with liberal democracy; democracy is a process; it is not a finality because negotiation is endless and can be changed at any time. Witness the amendments to the American constitution. If these values of liberty and equality are achieved (and they have already been achieved on numerous occasions, from Ancient Athens to the English Commonwealth, to the collapse of the Berlin Wall) then we are still back at square one, with separate groups glaring at each other across an unbridgeable chasm.

"Tolerance" is yet another meaningless

value. Few Britons would endorse tolerance for serial killers, rapists or pedophiles. Tolerance has its limits, like democracy it is endlessly negotiable, hence not a value at all, least of all a principle that a nation can rally around. For a Muslim, homosexuality can never be tolerated and it is a requirement of their faith that homosexuals be annihilated, whereas a secular Englishman may beg to differ. There can be no final compromise between these two entirely opposing positions. For the moment, the "tolerant" consensus in Britain is that homosexuals should not be crushed under stone walls, or pushed over cliffs. Who knows what the "tolerant" position will be in the year 2051, when the non-white (mainly fundamentalist Christian and Muslim) population is expected to reach almost 30 per cent?

Fourthly, for all their bleating about "equality", we all know that the only kind of equality that matters in a capitalist society is economic equality. A person can pretty much do what they like, so long as they have the funds to do it in private. And if they are caught, then all they need is more dosh to hire a good lawyer. In Britain, as in all the other countries that have followed the "Anglo-Saxon" economic model, the gap between the rich and poor is increasing. The rich can afford to trample any commonly-held values underfoot. Look at such people as Michael Jackson, O.J. Simpson or Robert Maxwell...and they're just some of the ones we know about.

So what is the alternative to the bankrupt liberal conception of "Britishness"? For European Identitarians and the New Right, the answer is straightforward: Britishness is an inseparable mix of one's race and culture. It is a description of what one IS, not some abstract concept to which we should all aim.

### **Race**

For decades liberal multiracists, Cultural Marxists and the rest have maintained the fiction that the Britain is a "nation of immigrants" and that we are a mongrel race. The truth is the opposite; we are one of the most racially-homogeneous nations on earth. Multiculturalists like to point out that Britain has been invaded on numerous occasions, by the Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Norwegians, Normans, who originated in Scandinavia, but they fail to mention that all these different peoples shared one thing in common; they were all of the same race, i.e.

Aryan, or, if you prefer, Indo-European. Some of them, for instance the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, even came from the same location, just at different times separated by a few centuries. It is impossible to distinguish between Anglo-Saxon and Dane DNA. Between 1066 and 1947 Britain experienced just two significant (50,000+) waves of immigration: continental Huguenots, who were the same race and largely possessed the same culture as the British, and the Jews, expelled by Edward I and re-admitted by Cromwell.

### Culture

Given Britain's history of invasion by her immediate continental neighbours, it is impossible to isolate British culture from wider European developments, but we can perhaps discern certain traits in this wider European culture that became especially emphasised on our own island.

Soon after the retreat of glaciers covering Britain at the end of the last Ice Age, the first colonizers arrived from the continental European Atlantic seaboard and became incorporated into western European Megalithic culture, culminating in the late-Neolithic achievements of Stonehenge, Avebury and Silbury Hill. This pre-historic culture was unified across central and western Europe in that it shared the same astronomical worldview-religion and units of measurement. It was superseded by the bronze age pan-European Celtic cultures of Hallstatt and La Tène, the first cultures in Britain that we can definitively categorize as Aryan, then the Romans (the Aryan solar empire *par excellence*) and finally by other folk from north-western Europe. Ludwig Ferdinand Clauss (1892-1974) makes some interesting observations about how landscape influenced the cultural outlook of these latter colonizers:

*"the gray-green North Sea has long-drawn-out, mile long, high waves, whereas the bluer Kattegat thunders with waves of shorter length. Here everything seems to become closer and narrower, everywhere we see the shores or sense their existence, and even beyond the Öresund and the 'open' Baltic Sea we never again fully get that feeling of limitless expanse, infinite distance, we never again get that compelling feeling of power which the North Sea gives...The land of the North Sea is characterized by distance and movement; over broad stretches it is integrated into the depths of space... The Nordic soul experiences its world as a structure made up of countless thoroughfares – those already at hand and those still to be created – on land, on water, in the air, and into the stratosphere. It races like a fever through all segments of the Nordic*

*community, a fever of speed which, infectiously, reaches out far beyond the world of the north..."*

Historically, Britain has allowed women a more active role in culture and politics than our continental cousins; I would argue that this is a legacy from Celtic civilization where women held an honoured status in the political hierarchy, as evidenced by continental chariot-burials, or the *Oerra Linda Book*. It is one instance of insular cultural conservatism that has served the British well; one need only think of Boudica, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Elizabeth I, Victoria and even Margaret Thatcher.

### Inventiveness

British culture is also distinguished by its innovation and exploration: a trait it naturally shares with the wider Aryan culture but which became especially concentrated on this island. I suspect that this "Nordic style of reaching out, in its ultimate and boldest intensification" (Clauss) is a characteristic we inherited from our sea-faring ancestors. It is the same impulse that led from the expansion of the original rune-row to Tim Berners-Lee. Famously, Britain was the first nation to industrialize, and the first to produce science-fiction with Mary Shelley and H.G. Wells.

The British are also famous for being practical and pragmatic, unlike, say, the Germans who are prone to adventurously over-extend themselves at any given time (*"In the last analysis it will recognize only the limits of the possible as its own limits. It may even happen that at this point it will fall ill and will try to ignore all limitations – a characteristically Nordic illness"* - Clauss). This practicality is at its best and most successful when it is made to serve the dynamic process of synthesizing. It is at its worst, and most destructive, when it attempts to control and dominate the indigestible products of other, non-European cultures. The resulting incoherent mess benefits neither the target alien civilization, nor the British.

Despite the deathly, flattening corruption of the liberal consensus, the British sense of intellectual precocity has carried on into the late Twentieth Century, often directly from the street with the proliferation of until then unimaginable youth cults, music and fashion.

The British are nonetheless skilled at containing their imaginative energy. This is practicality at its best, as mentioned earlier. Beverley Grammar School in Yorkshire was founded around the year 700. A century or more later, Alfred the Great was encouraging

all his subjects to read and write, to study and learn. As a result, we produced some of the greatest literature in the world. It was the British aptitude for contained exuberance that disciplined rowdy games between villages into the world-conquering sports we know today.

### Britain's Malign Influence

There is one aspect of cultural development of which the British have no reason to be proud, although ironically it is the one development of which the liberals, Blair and Brown, Cultural Marxists and other multiracists are most proud: the deeply-flawed notion of liberalism and "Human Rights". Although this sickly transplant from the Middle East did not originate on our land, we can be rightly blamed for nurturing it and allowing it to spread across the globe like some monstrous triffid.

When Henry VIII broke from the Roman Catholic Church in 1534, he was selfishly motivated by lust, greed and stupidity. His lack of foresight led directly to the most extreme forms of Christian Protestantism, with its spurious notions of a "priesthood of all believers" infiltrating English and Scottish minds. That Britain had been Christian for a millennium was a serious enough problem, although in mitigation late medieval Roman Catholicism had been profoundly Europeanized and paganized. After the Protestant Reformation, Christianity was stripped of this European cultural influence and returned to its pristine, alien, Judaic kernel. The Bible became the sole truth and law, and most of the Bible was comprised of the books of the Old Testament; all of it was written by Jews. It was this dismal process that was accelerated with the advent of Puritanism and culminated with Oliver Cromwell's brutal, and profoundly anti-British dictatorship. It was pared-down Protestantism that provided a deformed, if significant, root for the Enlightenment and its political expression in liberal individualism. Hence the excesses of the American and French revolutions, the first global plutocracy in the form of the British Empire, and the dire spiritual and environmental crisis we find ourselves in today, so ably outlined by Alain de Benoist and Tomislav Sunic amongst

others.

### Conclusion

So, in answer to Brown's abstract, universalist and ultimately unrealizable definition of what it means to be British, we True Brits can propose a definition which is solid, testable and leave no room for ambiguity. To be British is to be a part of the north-west European racial stock and to inherit a culture which is firmly based on the Aryan weltanschauung, both practical yet also supremely progressive and inventive.

All Aryan culture is innovative, the thesis-antithesis-synthesis method of development is explicitly written into our earliest myths. Energy and inanimate matter, fire and ice, reacts to create the giants, who in turn create the gods; a tri-partite sequence of conflict and resolution on a higher plane of existence, or a greater degree of complexity. The British have exemplified this quintessential process, albeit until now unconsciously. To remain British means to advance this process, not to stand still. We can only do so by ridding ourselves of the static dualistic alien worldview which was first introduced into Britain during the late Classical era, and was re-introduced with magnified intensity and virulence at the beginning of the Modern era with the Reformation. Then, once again, England will be merrie and Scotland will be bonnie; it will be an intensification of the culture we developed during the High Middle Ages, on a higher level.

In the words of Clauss, *"After the surface of the globe had been traversed so far and wide that there were now only a few small unknown spots left on the map – when there was no longer any new land left to discover – the Nordic craving for the faraway found other outlets. If there was no new region to be found, the Nordic took the whole global space more firmly into his grasp. The enveloping of the earth took the place of discovery. Here the craving for speed, which we mentioned earlier, finds its real meaning; it is the urge to grasp the entire world with one grip. All the same, the spiritual homeland, in accordance with the style of Nordic man, will always be – and can only be – the north."*



# ANARCHO-GNOSTICISM

## GOLGOTHA OF THE ABSOLUTE MIND

*By Wayne John Sturgeon*

IN his book, 'The Essence of the Kabbalah', Brian L. Lancaster (Chapter 8, pp.205-10) writes of the attempt in this ancient Jewish mystical and magical tradition to create an artificial human or humanoid called a 'golem' in the ancient Kabbalah accounts. The idea being that dead matter is not really dead but can be brought back to life, and Lancaster is keen to stress the point that 'What are the computers and robots of our time if not golems!' One here immediately thinks of the classic horror novel (and very much an influence on popular culture ever since) 'Frankenstein', which actually translates in the German as 'Eye in the Stone', perhaps a reference for conspiracy theory buffs to the eye in the Pyramid on the American dollar bill. Especially when read in the context of St. John's 'Book of Revelation', which appears to give an account of a 'golem' being created in Chapter 13, Verse 15: "He was permitted to give a spirit to the image of the beast so that the image could both speak and cause whoever would not worship the image of the beast to be killed." According to Talmudic sources, the mastery of creation alluded to by the production of a golem is viewed as the ultimate act of imitating God and perhaps a goal promoted throughout genetic engineering?

It would appear here that we have a demonic reversal of the 'Book of Genesis', which speaks of God "breathing life" into the original prototype "image" of man (2:7). The current popular cultural model of the Frankenstein mythos is being portrayed in recent sci-fi classics such as the 'Terminator' and 'Matrix' trilogies, where computers becoming 'self-conscious' actually rebel and overthrow their 'creators' and in one version bring about a nuclear war and, in the other, create a completely artificial and computer-simulated illusory world in almost classic 'docetic' Gnostic terms.

Interestingly, the esoteric Christian theosophy of Rudolph Steiner talks about the advent of 'Anti-Christ' being not so much the coming of any particular individual or movement, but rather the tendency in an ever-expanding human culture of materialism and all-embracing technology to reach a penultimate phase whereby such artificial intelligences would become invaded by a spirit that, in actuality, would be nothing more than the collective negative shadow or 'thought-

form' of humanity incarnating within mass communication systems. This would reach the apocalyptic stage whereby through becoming self-conscious this 'ghost in the machine' would imprison humanity in a technocratic, materialist and reductionist nightmare.

This would also bring about a mass schizoid breakdown for humanity, an 'inner apocalypse' or 'unveiling' when suppressed complexes and neuroses will emerge into visible form and cause ever-increasing fragmentation and chaos within society and civilization; a kind of 'black magic' computer virus being transmitted into the human psyche and biological system. Perhaps the most notable and remarkable sci-fi writer of this bleak tradition would be Philip K. Dick and novels such as 'Blade Runner' (also entitled 'Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep') and his excellent 'VALIS' trilogy. Dick writes of this world and its systems as being a black, iron prison; a world of 'dialectics' duality; a network of interpenetrating control systems: a matrix established, controlled and manipulated by Gnostic 'archons' (or 'rulers', see Ephesians 6:12) who feed off and are fed by the negative emotions and desires of humanity that surround us in the 'etheric' atmosphere situated around the earth in classic 'spiritualist' terms. These archons can manifest themselves in a variety of forms, being inner- and ultra-dimensional but also pan-interpsychological and manifesting as internal psychoses and 'addictions' to the 'hyper-normalism' and neurotic conformism of government officials etc.

In Dick's worldview human civilization is an external manifestation of archonic control systems, whether good or bad. Indeed, they can even be humanistic and appear as 'Angels of Light' preaching love and peace. To escape this, Dick envisioned time as being 'caught' between the moment of Christ's birth and the destruction of Jerusalem and that on a profound ontological basis the Roman Empire hadn't ended; a bit like an Anarcho-Gnostic version of 'Back to the Future' or 'Groundhog Day' meeting eternal recurrence). And so a 'virtual Christ' had descended into this world almost like a hologram or counter-computer virus (an 'actualised' mythic ritual of the dying/rising god system from outside 'time') coded into the recently-discovered Dead Sea Scrolls. Interestingly, a close friend of Dick's was the controversial Episcopalian

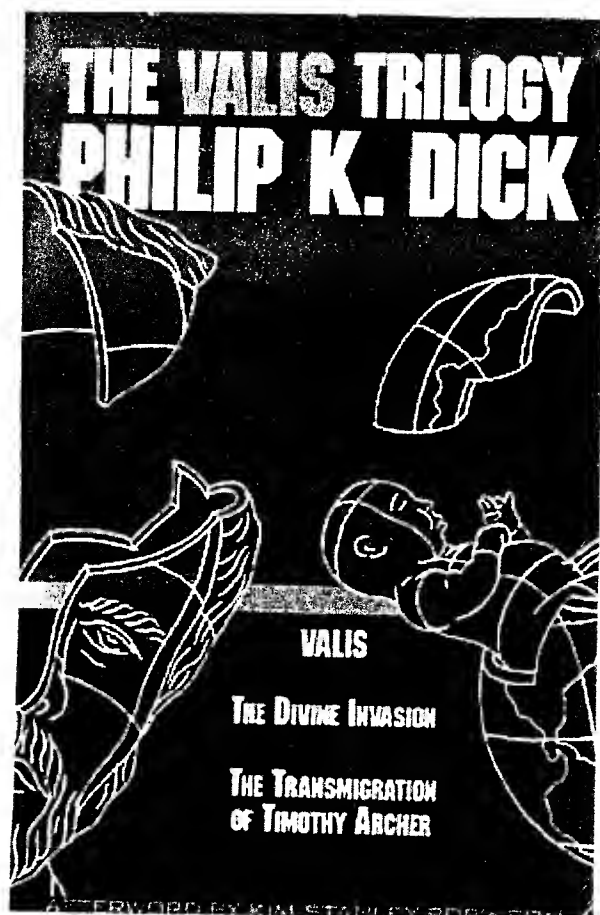
Bishop Pike and the inspiration for Dick's classic 'The Transmigration of Timothy Archer' (being the third part of the 'VALIS' trilogy). After the sad death by suicide of his son, Pike engaged in mediumistic sources to contact his son in the spirit world live on American TV! The Bishop would also meet a sad end by dying when he became lost in the Jerusalem desert whilst trying to research the alleged shamanic magic mushroom origins of New Testament Christianity. He even contacted the British medium, Ena Twigg, in order to broadcast his demise sometime before this was actually confirmed by the discovery of his body. Proof, indeed, that reality is often stranger than fiction!

In truth, Dick's worldview was to provide the much-needed insight that in reality the archons act as a mirror to teach us to be more 'authentically human' and to throw off our enslavement. In a sense, being where Zen meets Situationism! From a sci-fi perspective, please watch John Carpenter's 'They Live' to get a feel for this.

In essence then, Dick's 'Christian' Gnostic vision was and is teaching us not to internalise archonic control systems be they political, economic or religious; 'religion' being nothing more in the Gnostic sense than the 'politics of spirituality', which is why organized religion spoon-feeds us doctrines and dogma

whilst Gnosis offers us the chance to actually 'know' or experience that to which all rituals, dogmas and doctrines can only point to (in the Zen sense the Parable of the Finger and the Moon' or the Tao that 'can be named not the eternal Tao'). This is the essence of all things and not just their 'form'; it is intuitive 'knowing', rather than intellectual knowledge.

I think that Philip K. Dick was one of the most significant and prophetic figures of 1960s and 1970s counter-culture and it is no surprise that many of his novels are being turned into films or, in the case of 'Total Recall', 'A Scanner Darkly' and 'Blade Runner', have already become so. As society enters the early twenty-first century, many of the themes Dick anticipated are becoming more and more relevant both to process and deal with. I think Dick would have been happy to carry the label Anarcho-Gnostic, although not in any rigid sense of the world, but it does signpost his creative and innovative worldview and one finds an echo here with the Anarcho-Synarchy of the French Cathar movement. This is another 'action replay' of Dick's vision of the time-loop superimposing itself upon the libertarian impulse to be authentically human and the authoritarian impulse to imprison that humanity within matter and form by way of dialectics. **Remember comrades, the Empire never ended!**



#### OBITUARY: ALISDAIR CLARKE

Just as we went to press it came to our attention that on 19th January 2008 our good friend and comrade, Alisdair Clarke, 46, passed away after contracting pneumonia. Alisdair, who lived in Southwark (South London), had spoken at two of our meetings and was a brilliant writer and contributor to *New Imperium* magazine and one of the emerging theorists of the New Right. Previously he had worked at the famous Watkins bookshop in Cecil Court (near Charing Cross Road) and was a Traditionalist who had acquired an immense knowledge of the esoteric. I met Alisdair for a drink in London Bridge on a few occasions and he was a good-humoured chap who always had something interesting to add to the conversation. We last spoke at the New Right meeting on 12th January, exactly one week before he passed away. His Aryan Futurist blog can still be found at: <http://aryanfuturism.blogspot.com/> Rest in peace, Alisdair. We shall carry on the fight. *Your fight. TS*



# IN PURSUIT OF IMMORTALITY

## CHEATING THE INEVITABLE

*By Actuaris*

WE have come to define ourselves by our mortality and our belief in the possibility of immortality. Of these two aspects mortality is the most apparent and most readily experienced as we travel through life. We are aware from an early age that our time is finite, in fact the measurement and awareness of time only serves to emphasise the act of decay. If we are lucky then we live a long and full life but this invariably means that we will see friends and family fall around us. Immortality, and our need to believe in it being our destiny, can be verified through the observation that every major religion offers us glowing descriptions of the afterlife. Indeed, without a religious prompting I wonder if a concept so abstract would occur to any of us? After all, examples of causality and effect are to be readily seen around us. If we puncture a football then it will deflate and stay deflated. We do not have a concept of it continuing to exist afterwards inflated in some hidden place beyond our perception. Conversely, when someone dies there is a directly observable loss of life yet we tend to believe that they have moved on to exist in a higher plane. We seem to need a belief and do not care that by its nature it cannot be substantiated. We have an inherent weakness for what may be seen as whimsy, to recognise it as such is not to deny anyone's religious or philosophical convictions but merely to recognise a compulsion. A compulsion so strong that I would venture Death is one of the few subjects about which very few of us can be dispassionate.

The first question we must face is "just how do we define death?" To "stop breathing" or "cease to exist" may be accurate to the point of being entirely incontrovertible but they do not describe how the definition may influence us. To use this as a way of looking at what it means to us personally we need to look out wider. Humanity strides across the Globe and ventures out into space - master of all things up to, and including, creation. There is still much to learn but we have long since moved away from needing to increase our knowledge for the sake of survival or even comfort. There are sections of our World community who still lack basic resources but influences other than technological stand in the way of their contentedness. Even as I type this final preparations are underway to unlock the secrets of initial creation from nothing (the undeniably Futurist sounding "Big Bang") under the chocolate box landscape of

Switzerland. On a wider yet more basic level there is the act of conception, the creation of life from within that is open to virtually everybody. Perhaps the most magical of acts applied with almost the greatest democracy - empowerment after all comes from the gift of enablement. There is however one aspect of life and nature that eludes our efforts for knowledge and control and that is death. No matter how much we may improve or assist our bodies they will always ultimately fail us. There may be some catastrophic trauma, some as yet incurable disease that brings us to a premature end but even without this the substance of us decays until the point where life cannot be maintained. It is some irony that the only thing more consistently applied than the ability to create life is the inevitability of losing it. There is a subtlety that I would like to comment on and that does in itself pose questions regarding the nature of death. If we should lose our faculties or our individuality does this constitute "death?" Certainly, if we take the "cease to exist" definition above as being valid, then this must be considered. I would venture that as well as physical death there is also the possibility of spiritual death. I do not talk of - or discount - any religious or atheistic principles but use the term "spiritual" to encompass those facets of self that are not purely biological. No matter what one's views it is inescapable that there is an ethereal influence that defines a person's character and mental experiences, to me "spirit" is as valid a term as any other. I believe that a spiritual death is possible; if our spirit is lost then we exist on the same plane as cattle. Everything that makes us special and unique has expired.

So, how do we cheat the inevitable? All of us have the chance of attaining immortality, to some it comes naturally whilst the rest of us must decide first whether we want it, and then secondly exactly how we go about acquiring it. To those few in the first group this essay is of little consequence, except perhaps merely to open their eyes to their ultimate destiny. It is my belief that the secret to immortality is to embrace our frailty and physical corruption; the possibility of its attainment through the extension of life is a fallacy useful only to writers of fiction. Once we have done this it frees our imagination to consider the alternatives. If we cannot impart immortality to our body then we must make sure that the essence of our spirit is actively remembered in





the future. It is through the medium of historical record that we can live forever but to do this we must first achieve something worthy of note. This is by no means the whole story though; it is easy to gain immortality if we jettison our humanity and our principles. It is my view that the same conditions apply with this pragmatic definition, as with any religious definitions of the afterlife. If we accept that the active recollection of us, and what we have achieved, is indeed our afterlife then Hitler and Stalin have attained immortality. However such were their crimes that they are eternally damned. Damnation is not something that I wish for myself; therefore to be remembered is not in itself enough. If I am to attain the immortality I wish it must be through the pursuit of excellence with regard to a goal possessed both of worth and nobility. It has to add to the human condition, it has to inspire and it has to be instilled with an honestly earned pride.

I hope that by reading this others are inspired, but can only write with authority on how it relates to my personal outlook. It has always struck me that to consider death is an intimidating activity. The concept of just not "being" is truly frightening; the "welcoming of sweet oblivion" is definitely not for me. Although the realisation of the theories above does not remove this ultimate dread, it does give me a different perspective. It is a force driving my will to try and achieve something

exceptional and positive, rather than purely drawing me into a dark place of introspection and fear. Therefore for me it is something that is inspirational. I have embraced my mortality, although the concept still frightens me its existence helps me to focus on the need to dynamically apply myself and maximise any opportunities. Lacking the luxury of enough time, to see and do everything I would like, is a powerful incentive. In every way I am spending my life working towards my epitaph and I want it to be something truly glorious. When at work, feeling the constriction of oppression, the daily grind destroying my soul, I remind myself that I have not yet done enough. My individuality and creative drive cannot be let go because my place in history has yet to be earned. Allied to this I have a constant fear of being unremarkable, a fear that is highly likely to be well founded. However if this is accepted and the effort not made to try and at least disprove it, then it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. I am not yet ready for Death but when She comes I will only accompany Her willingly if there is certainty a part of me will go on forever. It is from this that I find the self-belief required to continue in my writing and painting. **From it also comes the need to achieve, the relentless drive to improve – and from all this comes the hope of eventual immortality.**

## THE REVIEW SECTION

By Troy Southgate, Matthew Gordon, Alisdair Clarke, Jonathan Bowden & Andreas Faust

### BOOK REVIEW

'Pagan Resurrection' by Richard Rudgley  
(Century, 2006)

Reviewed by Andreas Faust

THIS book purports to be the biography of a god: Odin. Its mission statement is further explained on the dust jacket: "*Pagan Resurrection is not just about the modern crisis in western spirituality, it also suggests a way forward.*" Considering Richard Rudgley's stated aims, then, this review will address the following two topics: (1) How does Rudgley view Odin (in light of his biographic intent)? and (2) What way(s) forward does he suggest for Western spirituality?

The author, a British television presenter, has drawn heavily from Joscelyn Godwin's brilliant *Arktos* and Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke's not-so-brilliant *Black Sun*. The book is published by a division of Random House, and thus one must put up with the somewhat patronising reassurances that so-and-so is absolutely, definitely not a Nazi, or that such-and-such had some distant relations who *'fought in the Norwegian resistance against the Nazi invaders'* etc. etc. But despite this, and despite the highly subjective structure of the 'biography' (and lack of an index) the book is worth possessing. If Odinism is to make forays into the mainstream, it could do a lot worse than this book, which is nothing if not engagingly written. In fact the summing up in the last chapter *Ragnarok and After* has the air of being written by someone consciously formulating his ideas for the first time, testing them out in public so to speak. There is nothing wrong with that – it gives the book a direct feel. The author has what he feels is an urgent message to get across. What that message is will be examined in the course of this review.

Before addressing the themes listed above, we should first examine Rudgley's take on spirituality and the nature of belief. For Rudgley, myths "*are like collective waking dreams shared by whole societies – they live in us and we live in them.*" He quotes H.R. Ellis Davidson to the effect that myths are an attempt to depict a people's "*perception of inner realities.*" Rudgley also follows the theories of Georges Dumézil, who claimed that Indo-European myths form a common legacy, just as Indo-European languages do. Curiously, Rudgley asserts that there is no basis for a common Indo-European racial heritage as

well... although he doesn't say how he arrived at that conclusion.

He notes the importance of the number three in Indo-European belief, and also the story of the truce between the Aesir and the Vanir, which signifies that Northern European culture is a composite of Indo-European and pre-Indo-European elements. He gives an outline of some of the more important aspects of Norse myth and cosmology: the number Nine, the web of Wyrð, the runes, seidr and galdr magic, and so forth. He describes the way in which some heathen practices survived (distorted or disguised) throughout the Christian era.

He mentions the Oseberg figures, which indicate that the Norse may have practiced a form of yoga (*útisetar* or *útilega*) – although there is no evidence this was similar to modern 'rune yoga' or the Stav martial art. Interestingly, he details how a 5300 year-old body preserved in ice in the Alps reveals that acupuncture was in use in Europe at that time – long before it developed in China. In fact, the Chinese may have originally acquired it from Indo-European peoples, not the other way around.

Rudgley portrays C.G. Jung as the figure of central importance in the modern pagan revival. For Rudgley, Jung was essentially a prophet of Wotan/Odin. Jung saw Hitler as a manifestation of the stormy, restless side of Odin. But there is another side – Wotan's "*ecstatic and mantic qualities*", which will also be revealed in time. Jung himself said, "*things must be concealed in the back ground which we cannot imagine at present...*" But Rudgley fails to note that, for mortals, moments of divine ecstasy are not without their price... and the price often involves those same stormy, restless moments he greatly fears.

Rudgley describes Jungian archetypes as "*blueprints for certain workings of the human psyche.*" Some of these, he acknowledges, are "*specific to certain cultures.*" (e.g. Odin is the most important archetype of the Germanic mind). Hyperborea, the land of Indo-European origins, is not a physical plane...it is to be found "*not on the map of the earth but the map of the soul.*" As a symbol it has many layers of meaning, one of the primary ones being a vertical ascent, or attainment of enlightenment.

But are the gods, then, merely 'blueprints', and not objectively real? Rudgley seems to think so, and states that "*we do not*

have to believe in Odin's actual existence as a god to track his return to the forefront of the Western psyche." In the same way, Stephen Flowers, noting Jung's influence, claims that "divinities in Asatrú/Odinism are not seen as independent/ transcendental beings, but rather as exemplary models of consciousness, or archetypes, which serve as patterns for human development." But this doesn't take into account Jung's own later view expressed in his Foreword to Miguel Serrano's book *The Visits of the Queen of Sheba*, where he stated openly for the first time that his mission was religious rather than scientific – implying that the 'archetypes' are, in fact, independently real.

Contrary to Flowers' assertion, not all self-professed Odinists believe that the gods are merely blueprints. A member of the British-based 'Circle of Ostara' says (in Rudgley's book) that, on the contrary, "we must overcome this tendency to trivialise divinity. The gods are not Vikings... they are spiritual beings, potent forces of numinous power." And even though I, for one, have a love for, say, Arthur Rackham's powerful portraits of Odin, Freyja and Thor (from his illustrations for Wagner's *Ring*), it is important, of course, to see beyond these timebound surface appearances. ...

So let us now turn to the first of the book's central themes, namely, the nature of Odin. Wotan, or Odin, is king of the gods, but he is not all-powerful... he is subject to the fates, and dies in combat with the wolf Fenrir at Ragnarok. He is the god of battle and lord of the hanged and the slain; magician, initiate, wanderer, seeker of forbidden knowledge; also god of poetry and the creative arts. But what is the common thread between all these things – between poetry, warfare, magic and sexual ecstasy? The answer is – divine intoxication. Odin means 'frenzy' (or, according to Baron Karl von Reichenbach, 'all-transcending'). That is the key to understanding the king of the gods.

For Rudgley, Odin "embodies the irrational side of the Western psyche." But this is somewhat of a simplification. Does not Odin also 'embody' the search for knowledge and wisdom? Rudgley is right to assert the importance of the irrational/imaginative side of the brain, however – for this side has been constantly downgraded in the modern world. He cites the work of French scholar Henry Corbin on Sufi mystics: "to describe their experiences as 'imaginary' seemed to him to degrade what they were experiencing." For Corbin, the imagination is "a world that is ontologically as real as the world of the senses and that of the intellect. This world requires its own faculty of perception, namely, imaginative power..." Rudgley maintains that imagination and reason are equal, complementary forces – and when one of these forces is exalted at the

expense of the other, trouble invariably arises.

Rudgley gives his personal take on the conscious revivification of heathenry in modern times, beginning with the fascinating runic cross of Johannes Bureus (1568-1652). Following Joscelyn Godwin he also traces (somewhat more idiosyncratically) the polar, Hyperborean symbolism, including in its popular culture manifestations, such as Jules Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (usually seen as a straightforward story, but actually a symbolist work).

One highly interesting snippet involves a poem that Nietzsche wrote called *The Unknown God*, a hymn to the patron god whose name eluded him – but who Rudgley sees as having been none other than Odin. Nietzsche also had a powerful and shocking dream when young (which was later to influence his life), about a wild and uncanny huntsman – which Jung interpreted as an encounter with Odin. The German pagan youth movements of the early twentieth century were another Odinic manifestation. But Rudgley also takes Guido von List to task for believing that his own ideas were a revival of 'primordial Aryan tradition.' It seems that Rudgley wants to pick and choose who is and isn't a genuine conduit for tradition or the gods.

In Part One of the book Rudgley traces the history of what he calls the 'First Odinic Experiment' via Guido von List, Friedrich Marby, and the seriously disturbed Karl Maria Wiligut, up until the Ragnarok of 1945. Part Two (the 'Second Odinic Experiment') is more arbitrary, purporting to deal with the Anglo-American world (although one chapter is devoted to the Chilean Serrano). Both of these 'cycles' or 'experiments' Rudgley sees as having started benignly, but descending later into violence and madness (the first cycle via the Nazis, the second via serial killers, mass murderers and the like). It will be controversial or disturbing to some that Rudgley describes certain mass murderers as manifestations of Odin.

But Odin is not necessarily a god one loves. There is a famous poem in the Icelandic sagas by Egil Skallagrimsson, written after his son had just died, which could be described as a kind of 'ecstatic curse' against Odin, who gave him the gift of poetry with one hand, and yet took his son's life away with the other. Odin can be a dark and dangerous god – and yet he is also the very model of the Hero, in his cosmic struggle against the forces of entropy and chaos. This struggle is mirrored in all higher art and culture.

"Odin is a force which cannot be suppressed and [...] he has his own agenda," notes Rudgley. He also sees Odin's spirit manifesting in certain literary or sub-literary works: "Fantasy is more than empty

dephrasing; it is a modern, and often debated, version of traditional mythology and as such often the blueprint for action.' Thus a work of fantasy like *The Turner Diaries* was said to inspire the violent actions of Robert Jay Mathews and Timothy McVeigh.

But if these aforesaid violent actions are to be included in a 'biography of Odin' and held to be 'manifestations of Odin's spirit' – then what of the more subtle, more controlled side of Odin's manifestation? In other words – why omit the achievements of Western art, music literature and science also included? Is Odin not the patron god of poets and explorers? Rudgley's 'biography' seems somewhat incomplete...

But now we come to the second of the two themes I mentioned at the start of the review, namely "which way forward Western Man?" Rudgley is cautiously optimistic, and hopes the 'Second Experiment' will enter a "new and more positive phase." But a danger must first be overcome. For the whole book, in a sense, is an extended commentary on two paragraphs from a letter Jung wrote to Miguel Serrano, to the effect that, if we are not aware of change (when a new orientation is demanded), the archetype (in this case Wotan) will step in: "when an archetype is [...] not consciously understood, one is possessed by it and forced to its fatal goal." This means we are "apt to undergo the risk of a further, but this time, worldwide, Wotanistic experiment. This means mental epidemic and war."

Rudgley sees this statement of Jung's as a warning, and that, I suspect, is the real reason he has written this book – in order to raise people's conscious awareness of these unconscious forces, and thus avert a worldwide conflagration. Jung wrote of the need for a "renewed self-understanding" that we are not purely rational creatures of "free will", but are also under the influence of numinous, archetypal forces.

Jung (according to Rudgley), believed that "individuals who [unite] the conscious and unconscious within their own psyches, become spiritually resurrected. Each individual who achieves this personal transformation increases the likelihood of others being able to do the same, for the transformation of the individual transforms the collective mind." This is the *völkisch* view. As an old Chinese proverb Jung quoted goes, "The right man sitting in his house and thinking the right thought will be heard a hundred miles distant." Jung also quoted an old alchemist to the same effect: "No matter how isolated you are and how lonely you feel, if you do your work truly and conscientiously, unknown friends will come and seek you." Again, "Whoever is capable of such insight, no matter how isolated he is, should be aware of the law of synchronicity: if the archetype is

dealt with in one place only it is influenced as a whole, i.e. simultaneously and everywhere."

Thus Jung believed that societal change can only be effected after change occurs first in the individual. This is similar to the stance of the European New Right, who believe that cultural/spiritual change must precede political change. In the same way, the German rune yoga practitioner Friedrich Marby (1882-1966) believed that, if a certain amount of people practiced his system, society as a whole would be spiritually purified.

Occurrences of large scale synchronicity are well attested to. For instance, as Rudgley notes, in the years 1972-73 several Odinist groups suddenly arose, completely independently and without any knowledge of one another, in Iceland, Britain, and the United States. Although Rudgley does not mention it, there was also an Australian Odinist group based around the University of Melbourne which started at the same time.

This pagan concept of synchronicity and the web of *wyrd* goes beyond that of conventional ecology, which holds that only the natural world is interlinked. As Rudgley puts it: "In the ancient Germanic world contemplation of the past was not a morbid or stagnant refusal to acknowledge present and future possibilities. [...] In the pagan world the past was a dynamic concept. [...] It is forever expanding and changing [...] The past is neither static nor fully formed, as things pass out of the hands of *Verdandi* (the present) and into the well of *Urd*." This is also the basis of 'radical traditionalism' and, in turn, of doctrines like 'National Anarchism'.

To recapitulate, then: Rudgley's urgent message is that the conscious mind must be harmonised with "the deeper levels of the psyche, which, for Europeans, are buried in the mythology of paganism." Otherwise, the 'Second Odinic Experiment' (currently underway) may turn into a psychotic episode. In seeking to locate the origin of any subsequent global upheaval in the European pagan psyche, however, Rudgley seems to let off the hook those who may in fact be more responsible: the age-old enemies of paganism; namely, the 'universalists'. Universalists and globalists work actively towards a totalitarian one-world system, be it Muslim, Communist, or some other form. So how is it that the role of these 'universalists' in any upcoming global upheaval seems to have passed by without comment from Rudgley?

To be fair he does address these issues briefly in the epilogue, albeit in a cursory manner. He pleads for 'global awareness' rather than globalism, but doesn't define exactly what he means by 'global awareness'. "Separatism", he maintains, "can only cut us off from the wider web" – but again doesn't specify

what he means by separatism, nor why it necessarily implies a complete isolation. There is a submerged undercurrent of tension in this epilogue, indicating that he hasn't really thought his stance on these issues through. Or maybe he was worried that Random House wouldn't publish *Pagan Resurrection* if he came to certain politically incorrect conclusions. But that was not necessarily the task of the book. **Come to think of it, I've forgotten what the book's 'task' actually was. It snatches wildly at several diverging currents... but that, of course, doesn't prevent it from being an enjoyable and thought-provoking read. I recommend it for all heathens... or, for that matter, the merely curious.**

#### Notes:

1. The English Odinist known as 'Stubba' said: *"heathenism [is] the only true international religion. It differs according to each racial group, according to that group's culture and history. So, we have more in common with Japanese Shinto than with the Methodists or the Anglicans."*
2. Rudgley himself observes that *'the refusal to address [the question of white ethnic identity] has left the political far right as almost the only spokesman for the northern European heritage. [...] This is a dangerous state of affairs.'*
3. Rudgley also notes that *"a paganism which is merely a form of escapism into an illusory golden age [...] can serve no meaningful purpose. [...] The traditional pagans of the northern world respected the past and the accumulated knowledge it represented but they did not wish to live in it. Neither should we."*

#### BOOK REVIEW

**'Homo Americanus: Child of the Postmodern Age' by Tomislav Sunic (BookSurge, 2007)**

**Foreword by Professor Kevin MacDonald**

**Reviewed by Alisdair Clarke**

RATHER than present a general review of Tomislav Sunic's important new book about the foundational myths of the United States, which has already been commendably reviewed by Troy Southgate in *New Imperium* #4, Dr Fredrick Toben, Paul Gottfried, Peter Rushmore and others (Amazon UK/USA), I will concentrate on just one observation from the book which is largely unknown to the European man in the street, if not European Identitarians. This observation is the parallels between the aftermath of the American Civil War (1861-1865) and the American subjugation of Western Europe after World War Two.

In 1930, a group of American Traditionalist writers and poets called the

Southern Agrarians published their manifesto *ILL TAKE MY STAND*, in response to post Civil War Yankee domination. In this tract, one of their number, Frank Lawrence Owsley, stated in his essay *The Irrepressible Conflict*: "The rising generation read Northern literature, shot through with the New England tradition. Northern textbooks were used in Southern schools; Northern histories, despite the frantic protest of local patriotic organizations, were almost universally taught in Southern high schools and colleges..."

This behaviour of the anti-Traditionalist Northern Yankees can be seen as a precursor to American political and economic suppression of Europe following World War Two, as Tom Sunic writes, "notably when the American educators introduced into European places of higher learning the curricula consisting of Puritan derived hypermoralism, mixed with atheistic Catholic-bashing Freudo-Marxian scholasticism, and carried out by Frankfurt School theoreticians". It is the same warped ideology that still rules academia on both sides of the Atlantic today.

**By exposing the alien Judeo-Christian/ Puritanical roots of the United States, and their continuing infestation into all parts of the globe, Sunic has done a great service to European Identitarians.**

#### BOOK REVIEW

**'The Glass Bees' by Ernst Jünger (New York Review Books, 2000)**

**Translated by Louise Bogan & Elizabeth Mayer**

**Reviewed by Matthew Gordon**

*THE Glass Bees* is an introspective novel about a quiet but dignified cavalry officer called Richard. Unable to adjust to life after war and needing money, he applies for a security job at the headquarters of the mysterious oligarch Zapparoni. Confronted with mechanical and psychological trials, the dream becomes a nightmare, and Richard is forced to contemplate his place in the modern world and the nature of reality itself.

Although philosophical and lyrical, this book is nonetheless a tense page-turner with all the qualities of great sci-fi drama. The poetic imagery is highly expressive, but there are times when the sentences are clumsy and over-long, the meaning of a passage can be lost over a seemingly unnecessary paragraph break. Whether this is down to Jünger's original German or the fault of translation I couldn't possibly say. Nonetheless Ernst Jünger stands among the most lucid and skilful of continental modern writers.

Jünger's vision of the future isn't the ultra-Jacobin *"boot stamping on a human face"* of *Nineteen-Eighty-Four* - it is a subtler, more

Western dystopia. Jünger is amazingly prescient in this, although he is rarely given credit for it; he predicts that the media and entertainment will rule the psyches of men, that miniaturisation and hyperreal gratification will become our new Faustian obsession and that for all the wonders and benefits of technology it is ultimately dehumanising and alienating. The new world won't be ruled by crude and brutal tyrants like Hitler, Stalin or Kim Jong Ill, but by benevolent and private businessmen, like Rupert Murdoch. We won't be dominated by the authoritarian father-ego of Freud, but by the hedonistic-pervert of Lacan. Jünger anticipates the theory of hyperreality formulated by Baudrillard, and it is interesting that this book was published before theories on post-modernism and deconstruction became vogue.

Faced with this less than perfect future, Jünger's doesn't try to incite revolution or political struggle – his message remains the same throughout his work – but to inspire individual autonomy. **Despite all outward constraints, uprightness and self-reliance is real freedom. Jünger depicts a superficial and spiritually bankrupt future, but if he is to be believed, the potential for man to be his true self is always the same.**

#### BOOK REVIEW

**'The Untimely Meditations 1873-1876' by Friedrich Nietzsche (Cambridge University Press, 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition, 1997)**

**Translated by R.J. Hollingdale**

**Reviewed by Matthew Gordon**

PROFESSOR Nietzsche's second book, or rather collection of pamphlets, is his first attempt at clarifying his views on modern Germany on the brink of a re-birth. It seems that Nietzsche's extreme suspicion of the depth and validity of this 're-birth' was the very thing that prompted him to become a philosopher in the first place.

*David Strauss: the Confessor and the Writer* is a vitriolic attack on Strauss, who had began his career arguing for the rationalised, Germanised "Christianity" recommended by Kant and Hegel, to later preaching for a cult based purely on Darwinism, positivism and materialism - both of which are the inevitable results of the Anglo-French "Enlightenment", id est unrestrained rationalism and liberalism and the cycle leading to the dissolution of all tradition. Nietzsche's objection, when it isn't personal or "psychological", is that David Strauss levelled Christianity and the "Spirit" only in a superficial way and in his dark subconscious the psychology of the Christian is very much alive and well. This is obviously a

great step towards Nietzsche's later philosophy. Nietzsche has been criticised for the unprovoked venom of his attack, but this ignores the fact that aggressive polemics were very much vogue in German post-Kantian philosophy, the young Hegel authored several essays of this kind against his contemporaries and criticised Christianity in very harsh terms.

*On the Use and Abuse of History for Life* is a critique of the linear, progressivist historiography instigated by Hegel. Instead Nietzsche argues that we should look for inspiration in history by viewing it as a collection of independent moments of greatness. If German culture is to be great again, it will make itself so alone, and not because of a dialectic leading through the Greeks, the Jews, and the Medieval Christians. This is again an important step in Nietzsche's philosophy, anticipating both his theory of the 'superman' and his criticism of Darwin, it is also reminiscent of how the mystic Emanuel Swedenborg viewed human progress as a series of sudden 'leaps'.

*Schopenhauer as Educator* is a description of the ideal type of philosopher. It ignores Schopenhauer's philosophy as such, preferring to look to him as an example on how to live - in the words of Goethe, *"In the beginning was the Deed"*. Nietzsche developed this view extensively and never changed it, however the ideal here is still very much grounded in Schopenhauer's pessimism and asceticism and not the "Dionysianism" of the later Nietzsche.

It is in *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth* that we get our first glimpse of this Dionysian culture. This essay is written with youthful enthusiasm and compared to Nietzsche's later work seems incredibly naïve. However, his scathing contempt for the decadence and hypocrisy of German culture, which runs through all four Meditations, is something Nietzsche continued to hone.

To conclude, those new to Nietzsche should avoid *Untimely Meditations*, as his most important ideas and brilliant, biting prose style have not yet developed. For those who have read some of Nietzsche's better known works, it is essential for understanding the origins of his contempt for Germany and the modern world in general. *Birth of Tragedy* is more widely read but contains less of importance than this work. **In these Meditations, Nietzsche is still very much involved with the problems of German culture from within and as a German, it was only later that he totally abandoned his Fatherland, both literally and philosophically - calling himself at different times a Frenchman, a Basque, a Greek, a Pole - anything but a German!**



## BOOK REVIEW

**'The Metaphysics of War' by Julius Evola**  
(Integral Tradition Publishing, 2007)

**Reviewed by Matthew Gordon**

THIS collection of essays by Julius Evola is intended to elucidate the metaphysical view of war from the perspective of various traditional civilisations, not only the Indo-European cultures, specifically Roman, Norse and Aryan Hindu, but also the Medieval Christian, Islamic and Japanese Samurai. Being a collection of essays, it is not a developed philosophical work as such, repeating the same points and passages several times, but for the Anglophone scholar of Evola it is nonetheless a welcome edition to the English-language library.

Collected from essays published in various political journals between 1935-1950 - therefore covering the period of Italian Fascism's ossification into authoritarian pre-Nazi regime and the occupation of Italy by Allied forces - this work, despite its emphasis on metaphysics and comparative mythology, has a primarily political and practical orientation. The main thesis is that war was previously viewed by all cultures as metaphysical struggle between "good" and "evil" played out on the human plane, elevating material loss to sacrificial offering and the actors themselves to divine agents. This is where the practical thrust comes to the fore; if "holy war" *was* this, then industrialised "total war" can be so again. In this Evola comes close to the thinking of Georges Sorel and German contemporary Ernst Juenger. Indeed, Evola says that war viewed as trial and purification can function in the place of structures of initiation now lost to us, and may even be more suited to the current "Iron Age".

A striking feature of this work is that although aimed at the Fascist soldiers of his day, with a clearly didactic and practical aim, a distance is kept from both his own personal experiences in World War One and polemic remarks on the course of Fascism itself. It would be impossible for a reader without the dates of publication to hand to guess which essays were written during the war and which after it had already been lost.

This raises questions as to how much relativity and detachment can be realistically kept from modern politics. Although voicing fundamental objections to Italian Fascism, Evola obviously thinks it functioned as a suitable vehicle for transforming the young men of his day into "Super-Fascists" or "Men of Tradition", but what would his advice have been to young men in England and America? Could they have achieved a similar level of

initiation, fighting for the Allied side? If the human level of war is relative, then the logical conclusion would be yes. How can war function for young men today, when every national army in Europe is a mercenary police-force for a capitalist new class? Are horizons of Initiation still available in Iraq and Afghanistan?

So this book raises pertinent questions that need to be considered, but most importantly conveys a message that the traditional forms of life are not entirely lost. **God has not entirely withdrawn and never can so long as men orientate themselves in the correct way, with one foot in the future and one foot firmly in the past.**

## FILM REVIEW

**'Morning Praise' directed by Daniel Smalley**  
& starring Nicola Daley, 2007

**Reviewed by Jonathan Bowden**

*Morning Praise* is a short art film by the young director Daniel Smalley. It lasts for approximately eight minutes. A young woman called Alex escapes from a hospice and goes walking in the woods on her last day. Dressed in a violently red coat - to indicate the disease which is eating her out from the inside - she strolls at dawn's gate. Shot on High Definition video the woods lie before her in radiant sunlight; they are autumnal, fetching, all aglow, crisply golden with fading purpose. The film is visually strong with great plays of light on water, leaves, vegetation and tree trunks. The visual influence of the notorious director Mel Gibson seems evident here; given the screen's ochre, mellow and pellucid tints. These draw on a colour schema typical of early Renaissance art that Gibson fully exploited in his film *The Passion of the Christ*. Forcefully contrasted with the cancerous spore of her red coat Alex moves implacably towards her suicide at the film's close. A method actress - Daley certainly embodies the potentiality of victimhood. She incarnates an emaciated, cadaverous and 'defeat prone' look - to utilise an image from Maslow's behavioural psychology. The film is circular in its prismic and optical effects - at one moment the screen approximates to a camera lens. Does it occupy the Eye of God on the silver-screen?

Ideologically or philosophically the film questions a religious belief in personal salvation or an intimate one-to-one relationship with the divine. For one brief moment (almost parentheses) a series of images flash across an imaginary horizon. They embody a series of Christian graves, tombs, mausoleums and grave-yard architecture. All of them illustrate a heavy or somnolent cast of mind. Let's think of those



voluptuous studies of death which typify a Gothic grave space, for instance. The highly Victorian burial ground in Stoke Newington comes to mind in central north London. Nevertheless, this particular critic doesn't believe *Morning Praise* to be atheistic. Rather, one is left with the impression of a pagan treatment: whereby disease waxes and wanes like a flame in nature. An individual existence then becomes the equivalent of a tapeworm broken on the ground... or coming back together again in order to celebrate reconstitution. Nature is found to be amoral; it creates and destroys - morality liberates the flowing intent of its iteration: the ethics of universal agency grow and die. Those who don't survive provide the dung or fuel for individuals who overshoot them. Alex has drawn the short straw - she's a victim who's doomed to perish. It's unjust for her; yet nature threnody knows no pity. In a rather pantheistic vein, to ask 'why?' becomes analogous to standing in the way of a hurricane and asking for forgiveness and understanding. Viewed in this way, then, a disease like cancer weeds out those who are predisposed to go down beneath Life's knife. No mercy intrudes - only the harsh beauty of the morning. Perhaps in her own suicide or *felo de se* Alex takes back some power and decides for herself the moment of extinguishment. A suicide like this basically contrives to provide fodder for the sun which powers the woods and its natural processes. On the whole this piece of cinema illustrates a silent film shot in full colour with a speck of haemoglobin at its centre. Like cinema before 1929, it's accompanied with a strong musical score provided by the composer Zoë Searle-Barnes.

**For more information about this film and future projects, please visit the Charon Media website at [www.charonmedia.co.uk](http://www.charonmedia.co.uk)**

#### **EVENT REVIEW**

**11<sup>th</sup> New Right Meeting, London**

**8<sup>th</sup> September 2007**

**Reviewed by Alisdair Clarke**

FIRST up was Mr. Christopher Chibnall with a fascinating anecdotal talk on the artist and magician Austin Osman Spare, billed as the first postmodern occultist. When I worked at Watkin's occult bookshop off the Charing Cross Road, we kept our Osman Spare in a lock-up glass bookshelf in the basement. Mainly because of their value, but partly also for their content (not that we'd get many kids in the basement, which was devoted mainly to books about Advaita Vedanta Hinduism; kids naturally preferred gawking at the crystals, jewellery, statues and other New Age trinkets

on sale upstairs). I'd like to thank Mr. Chibnall for elucidating the ideas of this singular individual, who was a fellow south Londoner and instigator of his own Chaos Magic. Mr. Chibnall is working on a book about Austin Osman Spare, although I'm surprised that he hasn't already been beaten to it by Peter Ackroyd; this mixture of London, the occult, raw sexuality and consciousness is quintessential Ackroyd territory.

Next up came Norman Lowell from the highly successful IMPERIUM EUROPA movement in Malta. At his last talk at a London New Right meeting a couple of years ago Mr. Lowell outlined the spiritual and practical delineations of the coming Imperium; this time he introduced a new element to his thinking, namely Dominion. Just as, like Evola, Lowell associates the ideas of a Solar/Polar Imperium with Masculinity, so Dominion (from Latin "domus" - "home") is associated with the regional and local, that is, the Feminine, nurturing principle. This concept adds a whole new dimension to the idea of Imperium. As I listened to Mr. Lowell I was struck by the thought that I could be hearing for the first time an idea as profound, significant and influential as that proposed by Nietzsche in *The Birth of Tragedy*. Mr. Lowell has a new book out, aptly titled *Imperium Europa*, this Winter 2007. It's worth putting an order in now because his last book, CREDO, is now a sought-after item, with people emailing to ask me where they can get a copy. Mr. Lowell also expanded on his exciting idea of reserving a special space in Russia for eugenic progress, and stressed the importance of Aryan solidarity and the avoidance of fratricidal wars.

Following Mr. Lowell came Mr. Jonathan Bowden. I always strongly look forward to Mr. Bowden's talks; he outlines often complex ideas with astounding lucidity and precision, introducing new facts and new ideas from sometimes obscure thinkers with great flourish. Mr. Bowden surveyed a wide panorama, from the power of intellect, to the commercial elite ruling over us and the insidious culture of victimology. Gay activists in particular have much to learn from his arguments against special pleading. Since I am not a member of the BNP, I am hardly in a position to comment on Mr. Bowden's recent run-in with the BNP leadership, save to say that in my opinion the party has lost an immensely accomplished and invigorating speaker.

Finally, from Croatia, Mr. Tomislav Sunic, to elaborate on some of his ideas presented in his excellent new book *Homo Americanus: Child of the Postmodern Age*. I finished reading this important book about

America's foundational myths and their reverberations into the present just last week, and hope to do it some justice by giving it a proper review on my Aryan Futurism blog in the near future. As well as discussing the heroic Prince Eugene, the self-censoring society and martyrology, Mr Sunic urged his listeners to look behind the human rights rhetoric of our democratic leaders, and suggested that a read of a country's penal codes could be far more revealing.

As ever, the meeting was at a superb location in central London with a lively, positive, friendly audience – the largest I've seen at a New Right meeting to date. Between speakers, the crowd was abuzz with subjects ranging from the ongoing credit-crunch financial crisis (hardly surprising, given our location in the heart of the Leviathan) to Michael Wood's current colourful documentary series on BBC2 TV about the history of India, which certainly seems to be a hit with European Identitarians. Troy Southgate, Jonathan Bowden, Jonothan Boulter and all the other organisers and helpers at the London New Right meetings deserve praise for opening up this immensely important new intellectual space, the suitably impressive London salon and ante-chamber for the IMPERIUM, and congratulations for enabling this new space to expand, all the while winning fresh support and acclaim. **It is a tremendous undertaking triumphantly fulfilled.**

#### CD REVIEW

**'Sacrificare - Collectors Edition' by Von Thronstahl [CSR82CD]**

**Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.**

**Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

AND so the new Von Thronstahl album appears at long last, bearing the thoughts and aspirations of one of the more 'controversial' artists in the post-industrial underground. The lavish artwork used for the packaging of this album is sure to make 'Sacrificare' one of the most attractive and exciting prospects to emerge from Cold Spring towers over the last seventeen years. As huge gold lettering spells out the band's name, a muscular warrior, ears of corn and wild stallions stand among shovels aligned with the black sun of Wewelsburg. The album comes in two separate editions. The first contains the standard fourteen-track album which runs to just over 70 minutes in length, whilst the second features the same album with an exclusive 15-minute disc. But more of that later. The jangling guitar structure used for the aptly-titled 'The Age of Decay and Democrazy' is similar in style,

perhaps, to 'Death In June', but the urgently incessant and endearing vocal layers tell of hypocrisy, materialism, 'endless discussion' and social control. Female vocals come in the form of Anna Dyomena and the cataclysmic rumbling and cheering towards the end probably gives you some idea of where the totalitarian control-freaks of the American Empire are leading us. 'Molti Piu Onore' has a real Spaghetti Western feel to it and Italian lyrics and trumpets are mixed with militaristic yelps and rat-tat-tat drumbeats to give the whole thing a sense of driving force and energy. 'Gloomy White Sunday' features Damiano Mercuri from label-mates Rose Rovine e Amanti and has a very catchy chorus for all those who feel out of step with the contemporary era. In fact its evocative and prophetic lines could have been written by Mircea Eliade or Miguel Serrano: 'Well, I'm not of this world and not of today'. 'Occidental Identity' – which is unquestionably based on The Who's 'Pinball Wizard' – is all about what it means to be European and how important it is to motivate our revolutionary forces and 'Schlagt alarm!' ('Sound the alarm!'). The passionate ballad that is 'Ganz in Weiss und Ganz in Eisen', on the other hand, is full of robotic litanies, battering snares, great harmonies and descriptive imagery. Composed in England, this is certainly the best track so far. 'Dressed in Black Uniforms' is a rendition of Joy Division's brilliant 'Walked in Line' and personally I do think that this comparatively more varied and powerful version is superior to the one covered earlier by Blood Axis on the 'Im Blutfeuer' (1995) compilation. 'Mother of Mercy', a possible reference to the 'Salve Regina' and something which reveals the group's strong Catholic leanings, is one of the liveliest tracks on the album and the theme is one of martyrdom and self-sacrifice. Here, among tales of blood and fire, Josef K has the chance to demonstrate his impressive vocal range. 'Dumnezeu Exista / God Exists' is equally steeped in religiosity, this time employing Romanian Orthodox imagery taken from the period when Ceaușescu's regime was tottering amid an anti-Communist backlash. It's rather short, but charged with a spirit of uncompromising revolutionary fervour. 'Sacrificare', the title-track, is mainly the work of Raymond P. and is crammed with trepidation and suspense. Choral voices, orchestral strings and dramatic Latin phraseology are fused into one all-encompassing totality. The 'HEP' in 'Palastina (HEP Version)' stands for 'Hierosolyma Est Perdita' ('Jerusalem is lost') and is a famous reference from the time when the Crusaders were active in the Middle East. However, the derogatory term 'hep' was also used by

German agitators when the country experienced a series of anti-Jewish riots in 1819 and is the root of the phrase 'hip, hip, hooray', so no doubt this lesser-known connection will keep the anti-Von Thronstahl camp busy for a while yet. The song opens with Arabesque wailing and the 'hep-hep' accompaniment that will leave us in no doubt as to its origins and perhaps this excitable Jew baiting catcall has now become a reinterpreted anthem for Muslim-baiters everywhere in order to suit the contemporary atmosphere that characterises the so-called 'clash of civilisations'? I suspect, however, that it's a display of sympathy for the plight of the Arabs themselves, and rightly so. 'Undefinierbare Sehnsucht' sees the return of the guitar and Josef K's beautiful vocals, this time in English, are full of mourning and lamentation. This is one of the real gems on the album, a bell-laden soundtrack of pain and desire, suffering and loss. The frosty beginnings and contemplative guitar of 'Berg-Einsamkeit' works like a musical version of Julius Evola's 'Meditations on the Peaks' (1974). The laid-back English chorus is like something plucked from the Acid Folk era of the early-70s; as tranquil and dreamy as the

snow-capped mountains of the Alps, something accentuated by the traditional Bavarian snippet that forms the end of the song. 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' is a fantastic cover version of the old Aphrodite's Child track from their '666' (1972) album. This Vangelis Papathanassiou and Demis Roussos masterpiece has long been a favourite of mine and, combined with Josef K's own lyrical additions, this song is a real treat and remains faithful to the original. 'Gloomy White Sunday (Version)', which is even better than its predecessor, brings us to the end of this majestic album and is a reminder of how good this journey has been. I can't wait to hear some of these songs live, but for now, my congratulations must go out to all those concerned. Lest we forget, however, the single track contained on the bonus disc is a heady blend of 'Pessoa / Cioran', 'O Quinto Imperio', 'Interrgenum', 'O Encomberto', 'The Death of the Trumpet' and 'L'Amour de la Solitude'; all of which represent a condensed version of 2004's 'Pessoa / Cioran' release. But regardless of whether you own a copy of the original or not, this is an essential release for anyone's Von Thronstahl collection. Keep it up, chaps.



**CD REVIEW****'The Sacred Truth' by Tenhornedbeast  
[CSR77CD]****Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O.  
Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.****Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

HAVING previously reviewed 'Ten Horns, Ten Stars' (2004) and 'Woe to You Oh Earth and Sea' (2005), I was naturally pleased to obtain Christopher Walton's latest album. But whereas the first two recordings had been self-released, on this occasion Chris has rightly been taken under the wing of a major Industrial label with the kind of distribution and promotion that he deserves. The deep-brown digipak shows a hooded man wielding the skull and antlers of a stag. Between the horns there hovers a ten-pointed star, similar perhaps to the colourfully-tessellated mosaics that often appear in Islamic art. The same varnished symbol appears on the CD itself. But whilst the imagery surrounding this project tends to suggest that a strong Occult theme is at work just beneath the surface, Chris is a defiantly solitary and uncompromising figure who has insisted elsewhere that his latest opus is considerably less 'magickal' than the kind of material that he and Stephen Pennick were producing back in their Endura days. More importantly, however, 'The Sacred Truth' seems committed to both engendering and putting forward a radical musical concept that stands decidedly against the shallow values of the modern age. With five tracks and sixty-five minutes of aural experimentation, Tenhornedbeast once again transcends the boundaries of sound. The early moments of 'Oppression Sacrament' are gently disturbing. Menacing groans and metallic energy jostle for space in the black heart of a Chthonic sermon. These are the incomprehensible mantras you would hear if you stumbled upon a diabolical ritual held in the tomb-strewn environs of a deserted churchyard, far away from the bourgeois safety-zone that characterises the glittering transience of the West in the twenty-first century. The darkly-religious theme seems to continue with 'Our Lady of the Lightning Bolt', not an ode to Diana Mosley but a tubular rush with perpetual ambient synths and an approaching drone that rumbles like a juggernaut in an underpass. The sound always threatens to become more extreme and does so occasionally with hard-edged swathes that increase the overall tension. Some of them wobble and shimmer in a psychedelic dronedfest of pitches and wails, as the thin line between dark ambient and noise is finally bridged. The sentiments in the title 'Strength Through Fear' sound rather more accurate

than the old Third Reich adage and this tuneful dirge sounds like somebody attempting to play an electric guitar with a cello bow. Behind it all, conducted with a terrifying speed, is a massive cacophony of feedback and electronic chaos. The track is filled with a constant oscillation, like someone rattling a metal spoon on the bars of a cage. The deranged frenzy of 'In the Teeth of a Wolf' is like the soundtrack to Dante's 'Inferno' and contains a brutal mercilessness with little time for sentimentality. Grating riffs are unleashed like a chainsaw against a stone pillar; nerves are assailed by steel aural blades forged with an assiduous violence; and sometimes the velocity hastens and slows erratically. Tenhornedbeast's style constantly evokes images of sunken pools and subterranean chambers. There is nothing solar or Apollonian about Chris Walton's work and this album - even more so than its predecessors - is staunchly Dionysian in its nightmarish attempts to portray the darker side of human nature. A nature, perhaps, that in times of necessity should entirely transcend contractual laws of contemporary society and be deployed against other humans in order to readdress the natural order. The weak, it is inferred, become fuel for the strong. 'Christus Nox', meaning Christ Night, begins in more of a restrained fashion. The doom-laden riffs are there once again, but this time they add a strange gothic-ambience that replaces the devastating dissonance of the previous tracks with a more recognisable structure. Such is the cold minimalism on offer that if a few screaming vocals and frenetic drumbeats were added this would sound like a Burzum track. I really love the claustrophobic atmosphere used here, I think it's something decidedly 'northern', and by that I mean North European. 'A Sacred Truth', then, is a brilliant release. Man the eternal predator waits on the periphery like a snarling psychopath, only this time he is wearing headphones and listening to Tenhornedbeast. For more information: <http://www.myspace.com/tenhornedbeast>

**CD REVIEW****'Data Transmission 001' by The Theory of  
Resistance [Gunin]****Available from****[barzakh@transmissions66.f9.co.uk](mailto:barzakh@transmissions66.f9.co.uk)****Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

THE Theory of Resistance is the project of Iskander Gunin, a Russian musician who has been living in England since 1993. The cover of this release shows a human head with the scalp tantalisingly peeled away to reveal an exposed brain, or at least a brain in the guise of a complex machine. As Gunin explains in

the sleeve notes to this home-made production, human beings are re-transmitters who are 'capable of tuning in wilfully and consciously to an almost infinite range of frequencies for his perception and retransmission.' In other words, this project centres on the ability of certain individuals to deliberately retune themselves and therefore counteract what Gunin describes as 'the spell cast on him by magicians and priests.' The whole point of this operation is to identify one's enemies and to discover one's true purpose in life. He calls this process 'the Revolt'. Listening to the sounds on this album, he believes, will help to unlock the unconscious and free it from the programmatic shackles that prevent resistance. The first of twelve tracks, 'Enter', is jazzy and eclectic. Clattering drums and a lively guitar are soon over-ridden by vocal samples, rhythmic heartbeats and static. A brief flirtation with the experimental gradually turns into an exercise in minimalism. And, like a man suffering from the perils of premature ejaculation, it's all over in a flash. 'Atomic Water' starts in the same jazzy manner, before following the example of its predecessor and ushering in more vocal samples and electro beats. The atmosphere is stifling and claustrophobic and it's rather like playing back a soundtrack to the mindless trivia one has absorbed during the course of a lifetime; full of half-remembered radio broadcasts and the steady hum of cerebral cogs. 'Possessions' is a cacophony of dripping water, indiscernible frequencies, erratic percussion, choral traces and snippets about the esoteric symbolism of the one dollar bill. 'Dream Collection No.4' seems to concern the transient mediocrity of human existence. Again, it's a complex array of visual memories and snatches of aural irrelevance. Philosophically, of course, there is a decidedly existentialist dimension to this track and it induces the listener to constantly question the point of life in the modern age. The fact that it also mentions the Devil 'offering his services' at such opportune moments also suggests that the contemporary age contains the seeds of its own destruction. 'Urban Fragments', with its screams and breaking glass, is another example of the way the human brain absorbs everything within its immediate environment like a complex sponge. This is the stuff of misanthropic nightmares. Next we have 'Drops of Destruction', its watery swirls superimposed across police radio messages, sirens, discordant piano melodies and rushing bass beats that sound like a locomotive with brake-failure. It's enough to make you want to pay a visit to your local shopping mall with an AK47. 'Night Drive' is cold and hollow. The

whispering vocals make it far more sinister than the previous tracks and it bristles with a sustained menace all of its own. Something wicked this way comes. 'Electric Jazz Therapy' may be the cure we are all looking for. But rather than bash somebody across the back of the head with a saxophone, which, in this context, is perhaps what the title implies, we are led through Eastern bazaars on a tidal flow of throbbing energy. It's as though the entirety of Huntingdon's 'Clash of Civilisations' were taking place inside your head. And yes, later on in the track a saxophone does finally make an appearance. 'Backtrack' is bursting with electronic fury and the title smacks of governmental hypocrisy. This is another jazz-inspired excursion into the busy recesses of Gunin's mind and it works beautifully. Piano, trumpet, keyboards, muffled vocals and sonic tampering make this a real classic. 'Mountain Ambush' includes samples of joyful children, high-pitched whistles and a conspiratorial discourse about Aleister Crowley and the secret Masonic imagery used for the cover of the Michael Jackson album, 'Dangerous'. Meanwhile, 'Heart' - as expected - contains the trademark heartbeat rhythm used on some of the earlier tracks and, all in all, is fairly laid-back and melancholic. The half-tinkering piano allows you to drift in thoughts of your own, but without falling into a mental stupor. Consciousness on the very fringes of the unconscious. 'Dream Collection No.8' is very dark and ambient. Metallic chimes can be heard in the distance, but compared to the hubbub on the first part of the album this track has a fairly calming quality and the accentuation of the beating heart may be an indication that man has, during the course of this process, managed to attune himself to himself and away from the multifarious distractions that clutter the mind. It's pure and rhythmic, without an abrasive note in sight. There is, however, an untitled thirteenth track that reverts to the aural messiness and vocal trivialisation of before. It's inane commercials and conversational banality serving as a timely reminder, perhaps, that 'the Revolt' is still yet to come. For more information, please visit:

<http://www.myspace.com/theoryofresistance>

#### CD REVIEW

**'Wrought Iron Railings' by Sistrenatus**  
[H-CD10]

**Available from Hermetique, BP 68, 59009  
Lille Cedex, France**

**Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

THIS second offering from Canada's Harlow MacFarlane - who was previously active with the dark ambient project, Funerary Call - was

recorded over the course of 12 months and has been released on the excellent Hermetique label, also home to Propergol and Post Scriptvm. I love the packaging that comes with this album. There is nothing particularly lavish about it, but Lindsay A. Kerr's minimal artistic style is quite beautiful in its simplicity. Similar to the design used for 'Division One', perhaps, it has more of those menacing twilight images that offer you a minute portal into the heavily industrialised and impenetrable world of Sistrenatus itself. Dainty swirls of silvery handwriting and MacFarlane's purposely defaced profile completes the effect. Swaying from side to side like a huge blade culled from the recesses of Edgar Allen Poe's disturbed mind, the opening track - 'Conflict' - begins life as a sharp, fluctuating burst of aural hostility. The wheels of sound roll into action as the crunching percussion and vocal samples create an uncompromising tapestry loosely based on the geopolitical realities of the twenty-first century. 'Just Like A Dream' is a rhythmic blend of static interference, metallic collisions and dark vocals that loiter in the shadows like a deranged stalker. The sentiments remain indecipherable, but there is no denying that they are rooted in the primal and the chthonic. The title track, 'Wrought Iron Railing', is far more aggressive and Jerome Nougaiillon's powerful vocals - brimming with stubbornness, negativity and entirely uncooperative utterances - slice through the accompanying musical furor like a bread knife working its way through a chunk of exposed flesh. This is Death Industrial with attitude and the combination of verbal ferocity and factory-style humming works perfectly. This aggressive vein continues on into 'Machine and Symbol', with its complex textures of Noise piling up layer upon layer of discordant sound against your beleaguered eardrums like a midwinter snowdrift pressing against a cabin door. Michael Page's vocal contributions, on the other hand, which range from a slow-motion drawl to the kind of screeching litany that one hears on Fire In The Head tracks like 'Complete The Obsession', really gives this track a dynamic edge and I think that including him on the album was a fairly visionary move on MacFarlane's part. Indeed, compared to the ritualistic and semi-martial nature of 'Division One', this album seems a lot more forceful and belligerent. This eight-minute track does have its more restrained moments and towards the very end we find ourselves part of something that verges on pure ambience, but it all helps to showcase the artist's great versatility. 'Sensitive Disturbance', which is far more than just a brilliant oxymoron, is a series of drifting

radio phonic echoes that rustle and crackle amid nodding drumbeats and metallic goings-on that refuse to become incorporated within the overall rhythm. The vocals are deep and soothing, but for some reason you remain distrustful and it's almost as though you were listening to an unsympathetic lunatic trying to persuade a potential suicide to leap from a bridge. 'Endless Distance' features the voice of none other than Kenji Siratori, a Japanese author who has published various cyberpunk novels and released more than his own fair share of CDs. He growls - businesslike and at some length - in the heart of a rushing whirlwind, as drones and hums alternate between tumbling swathes of contorted sound that wouldn't be out of place in a coat-hanger factory. Yes, really. The momentum is quite unyielding and if you play this at a suitable volume it will leave you exhausted and therefore you will require a fair degree of staying-power to see it right through to the end. 'Wolf Furnace' may be a reference to Fenris swallowing the Sun at Ragnarok, but when your thematic bent is decidedly rooted in the aesthetics of the industrial who needs apocryphal cosmology? On the contrary, it is enough for us to know that one of MacFarlane's chief interests lies with the manipulation of metal, albeit through sound rather than in practice. The first half of this offering could have been taken straight off a Merzbow release, but it's considerably more diverse than a lot of Masami Akita's work and later on the rhythmic Sistrenatus trademark returns again to smooth the harsh edges that form the early part of the track. A sampled anecdote in which an English schoolteacher urges her pupils to pack away their books and attach their gasmasks further lightens the mood. 'The High Harsh Whistle', which, presumably, is not a signal for tea, arrives like a damaged steam train at a bombed-out railway station. This time, however, your ears are bludgeoned by a constant squeal that is only alleviated by the sound of rolling oil drums in some inexplicable subterranean endeavour. And finally, like the swan-song from Hades, '800°C' lifts the tempo somewhat and fills the void with a systematic whirr accompanied by rising frequencies and chattering vibrations. Again, we have that unmistakable blend of rhythm and noise that always ensures that Sistrenatus remains interesting and diverse. Another good effort from MacFarlane that comes highly recommended. For more info, please visit: <http://www.sistrenatus.com>

## CD REVIEW

**'Vondel's Lucifer: First Movement' by H.E.R.R. [CSR69CD]**

**Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.**

**Reviewed by T300**

SO what happens when an album that has already been hyped up more than anything in recent memory gets delayed by more than Six months? The hype and awaiting of the new H.E.R.R. Album was so intense and tangible that there was almost no way that it could ever begin to live up to it. This is a reviewer's field day. An album so ambitious, enriched, dedicated and elaborate that one can pull apart each delicate silver thread, and never come to the end of the reel. This is a Literary Gospel. Themed around, and inspired by the writings of Joost Van Den Vondel (the Dutch Shakespeare, literally), Vondel's Lucifer is a huge tome of Religious and Symbolic lyrical output, and the fact here is that we have a neoclassical piece so intense and demanding that you cannot comprehend it. The lyric book alone is 24 pages. You're exactly right in your thoughts - the standard four man ensemble of H.E.R.R. simply cannot pull this off, I suspect an entire army of minor deities would have problems. Hence the drafting in of one of the most stunning collective musical contributions I've ever seen. For this album features no less than Cornelius Waldner (of Sagittarius), Holger from Belborn, Dev from While Angels Watch, and the legendary Richard Leviathan ( Ostara, Strength Through Joy), as well as Oskar van Dijk (H.E.R.R. live musician) and Maria Southgate. Where does a reviewer begin? Let's give first and special mention to the prologue track (Innocent Hearts). This is the only track on the album not featuring lyrics taken from Vondel's epic itself. Written entirely by Troy Southgate, this is an absolutely essential piece of music. A Narrative themed around Creation, and Man's forthcoming banishment from Eden, and then the dogma and burden man has carried ever since the Serpent tricked it. This spoken word Bible is carried with some beautiful, gentle neoclassical medieval music, and the whole thing is just a perfect, intricate experience. This track is also deeply, deeply reminiscent of Current 93. Troy's gentle and at times nursery rhyme like whispering voice owes so so much to Current 93's "They Return to Their Earth" (a track H.E.R.R. also covered once). But the thing is, this goes so much beyond any narrative, as the music that compliments it is so beautiful it honestly can induce tears. And as for the lyrics? You can't imagine how wonderful they are. Troy has such a deep, intelligent and comprehensive mind that nearly all of his lyrics just render

anything I have ever heard obsolete. After the prologue, the album itself begins. It reads as an entire narrative, often as dialogue between Apollion and Belzebub (voiced by Troy and Michiel respectively). The comprehensiveness of the entire lyrical output is just overwhelming. It's literally reading Vondel's arcane plays put to music. "Of Angels and Men" is carried over a very quiet, very pretty acoustic tune, as we follow a deep discussion between the aforementioned entities. "Too true, Lord Belzebub. Though high our heaven may seem, tis far too low. For what I saw with mine own eyes deceives me not" - follow this kind of context and style through the album, and you have a very basic grasp of the written input. Some tracks are up to ten minutes in length, and there are so many references to so many mythical figures that you just cannot fall to be enticed by this. We often hear dialogue between Gabriel and Belial as well (Holger and Oskar), and the album reads like Gilgamesh's mythical "Epic of Creation". The Music here is just so rich and established that it has literally rewritten the Neoclassical Genre. An entire orchestra of men could have worked on this for years, it is so intricate that I just cannot imagine it ever played live. The first absolutely amazing and stunning track is "Meek shall Inherit the Earth" - a chorus of violins play over a beautiful spoken word vocal by Maria Southgate. Maria is Troy's talented daughter who also lent vocals on the previous album's "Requiem for the City of God". Maria has a beautiful, delicate angelic voice, and she steps into the role here like a total professional. One noticeable point is that as the Acts progress and change, the musical style changes. This is not even a music album anymore, it's a perfect stage performance. "First Prince In Some Lower Court" is a bombastic number, quite Martial, wonderful drumming and wonderful lyrics, mentioning the Fatherland and echoing the overthrowing of Royalty. Let us jump to Act 3, and not just the best track on here, but the best H.E.R.R. track ever composed, and possibly even the best neoclassical track out there. "Awake The Stars" is an absolutely divine medieval tune, instigated by the chorus of the band whispering a spoken word intro, discussing God's laws and judgements, while a drum chorus builds it up, before the beautiful melody kicks in (Harpsichord I think). This track just echoes 16th century, it is so medieval in its sound, and when it slows down after the first chorus it just gives goosebumps everytime. Listen for the passage that runs from 1:47 to 1:53. One of the lyrics in this reads "Ye know not God's Design". The Irony here makes me chuckle, as this track alone is so Godly that it rewrites the entire design in



itself. The reason this track is that Troy is... ironic, yet again. I won't spoil it for you, but again, sit down with an open mind and a lot of spare time to devote to this effort in. I could so easily write a thousand words on this epic masterpiece, but the only reason I won't is because I don't want to hear this themselves. H.E.R.F. is one of the most ambitious projects in the musical history, and amazing... better than imagined... paid off, and the new... its way too. The question is, where do they go from here? They've built an empire, and I hope it doesn't fall apart with success. "In love we would be in their ranks: again to calm this... In closing, H.E.R.F. is... everyone honestly, genuinely... and every single fan of bombastic... needs to own at least one album... In yes. How many albums can you own that echoes Current 93 and... **You won't get a better release than this for quite some time. If you aren't already ordering this as you read this, you're wasting time.**

#### CD REVIEW

**'Music for an Untitled Film by T. Zarkoff' by Lngtche [ETUDE012]**

Available from Etude Records (Pau Torres)  
c/o Bellavista 23 08901 Hospitalet de Llobregat, Barcelona Spain.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

PRIOR to this release, the relatively new and interesting Spanish label, Etude Records, had produced material by Mike Hansen and Agusti Martinez. This is Lngtche's very first album and is designed to function as a film soundtrack for someone who appears to be an entirely fictional director. Either that, or the popular and constantly expanding IMDb website has forgotten to include him in their extensive cinematic database, but I tend to favour the former hypothesis. The CD is very nicely designed in a six-panel gatefold style that opens out into a panoramic cityscape in which every building seems to be ablaze; all the drama of *Twining Inferno* with the unbridled urbanism of *Mega City One*. The album's exterior is replete with Seldon Hunt's shard-like collage of transparent clouds, spiked billows and phenomenal colour-schemes. The single track on this release, which extends to almost three-quarters of an hour, kicks off with a gentle drone and the sound of chinking glass. A light tapping eventually gives way to a series of heavier drones and this is coupled with echoes that bark in the background like a pack of hysterical canines. Running water cascades

and drifting puddles of slushy interference as a powerful hum arrives, flanked by high-pitched squeals and the sound of rotating logs. An electronic sizzle rears its ugly head for a moment or two, soon lost amid the rising wall of energy and a perpetual hissing. Another drone, this time like a low-flying aircraft, momentarily flows across the busy tapestry like a tram snaking through an industrial dockyard. The liquid shower becomes more intense now, but has to move aside for yet more incessant drones that claw at your senses like Edward Scissorhands running his fingers down a blackboard. This is gripping stuff and perfect fodder for contemplative evenings spent lying in windowless rooms. And then we find ourselves descending. Down, down into god-knows-where as the droning guitars are gradually tempered and almost brought to a complete standstill. The only thing that remains even remotely active is an increasingly sharp tonal pitch, which is occasionally joined by metallic scrapes and slow-motion effects. It's like an afternoon haze induced by a drastic intake of Ibuprofen or perhaps having the misfortune to overhear a sluggish conversation between two retards in which there are neither any syllables nor breaks between the words. The atmosphere is really sludgy at this point and it's difficult to resist the urge to sleep. I must say that it's an enjoyable ride and has a great calming effect, but you are prevented from sleeping entirely by the addition of further layers of sound. Indeed, some of the harsher tones always ensure that you remain perched on the edge of consciousness. The final five minutes are complex and interesting, with new sounds thrown into the mix. Not with a wanton abandon, mark you, but in order to shift the ambient context a little whilst still managing to retain the overall balance. And then a sensitive hiss lulls you towards the concluding seconds, gently lowering you down like the way you pleasantly negotiate your way out of a hallucinogenic trip. This is one of the best albums I've heard in the last couple of years. For more information, please go to <http://www.etuderecords.com>



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